Vol. II
of X

OCT 88
$2.00 US
$2.95 CAN

V FOR VENDETTA™

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd

Suggested
For Mature
Readers

V FOR VENDETTA

By **Alan Moore** and **David Lloyd**

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Lettering:
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V FOR VENDETTA 2
Published monthly by DC Comics Inc.,
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103.
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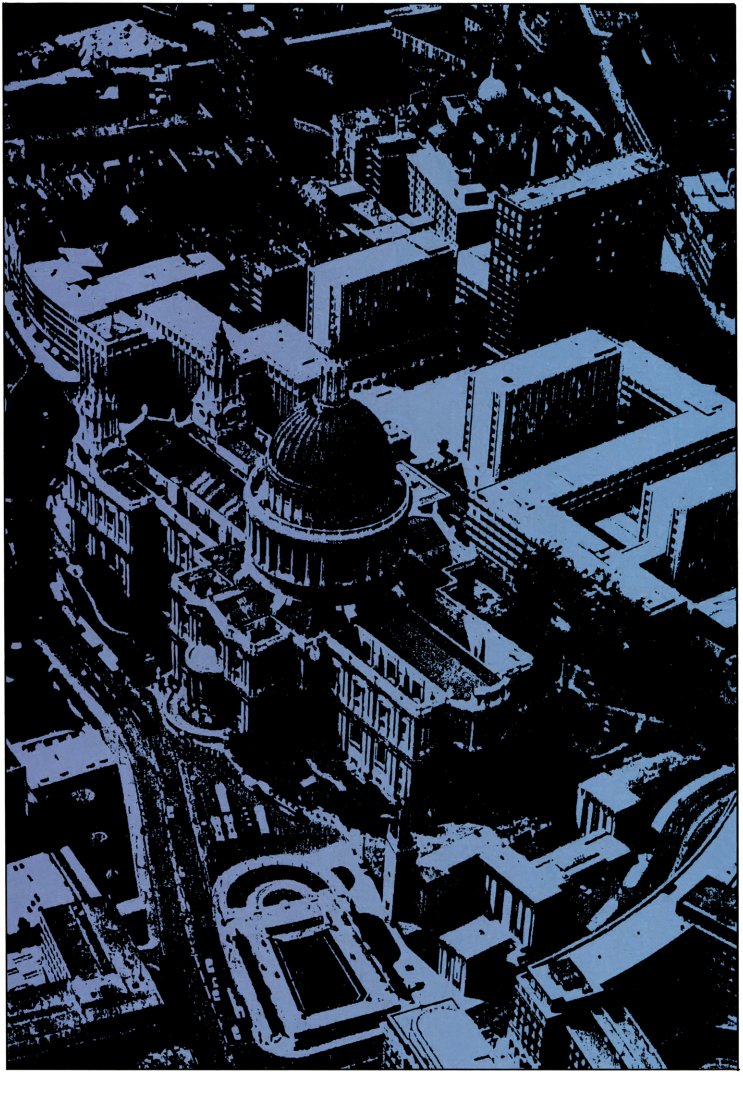
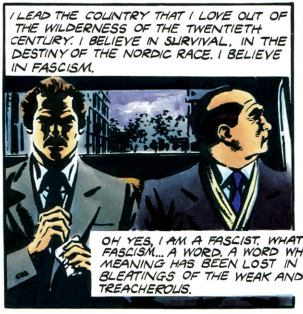
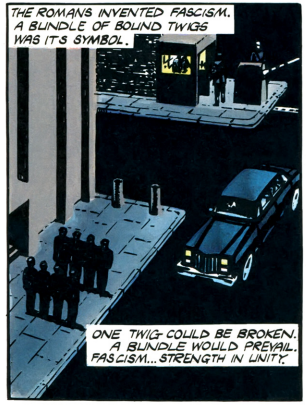
V FOR VENDETTA, Book 1.
Chapters 5–8 first published 1982
in the United Kingdom by
Quality Communications Limited.
DC Comics Inc.
A Warner Communications Company.




I LEAD THE COUNTRY THAT I LOVE OUT OF THE WILDERNESS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. I BELIEVE IN SURVIVAL. IN THE DESTINY OF THE NORDIC RACE. I BELIEVE IN FASCISM.
OH YES, I AM A FASCIST. WHAT OF IT? FASCISM... A WORD. A WORD WHOSE MEANING HAS BEEN LOST IN THE BLEATINGS OF THE WEAK AND THE TREACHEROUS.

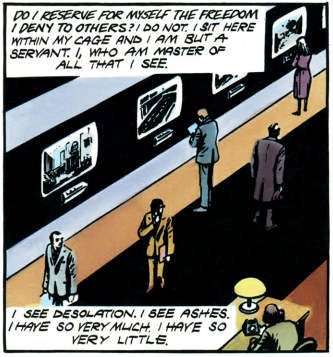

THE ROMANS INVENTED FASCISM. A BUNDLE OF BOUND TWIGS WAS IT'S SYMBOL.
ONE TWIG COULD BE BROKEN. A BUNDLE WOULD PREVAIL. FASCISM... STRENGTH IN UNITY.

I BELIEVE IN STRENGTH. I BELIEVE IN UNITY.
AND IF THAT STRENGTH, THAT UNITY OF PURPOSE, DEMANDS A UNIFORMITY OF THOUGHT, WORD AND DEED THEN SO BE IT.

I WILL NOT HEAR TALK OF FREEDOM. I WILL NOT HEAR TALK OF INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY. THEY ARE LUXURIES. I DO NOT BELIEVE IN LUXURIES.
THE WAR PUT PAID TO LUXURY.
THE WAR PUT PAID TO FREEDOM.

Lettering: **Jenny O'Connor**

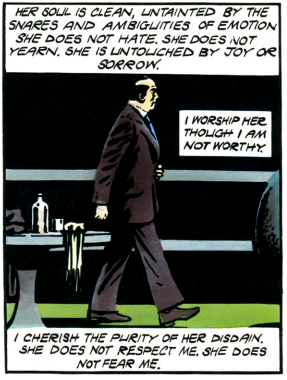
THE ONLY FREEDOM LEFT TO MY PEOPLE IS THE FREEDOM TO STARVE, THE FREEDOM TO DIE, THE FREEDOM TO LIVE IN A WORLD OF CHAOS.
SHOULD I ALLOW THEM THAT FREEDOM?
I THINK NOT. I THINK NOT.

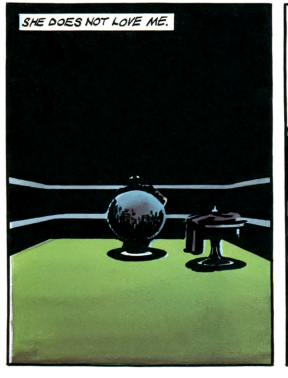

DO I RESERVE FOR MYSELF THE FREEDOM I DENY TO OTHERS? I DO NOT. I SIT HERE WITHIN MY CAGE AND I AM BUT A SERVANT. I, WHO AM MASTER OF ALL THAT I SEE.
I SEE DESOLATION. I SEE ASHES. I HAVE SO VERY MUCH. I HAVE SO VERY LITTLE.

I AM NOT LOVED. I KNOW THAT NOT IN SOUL OR BODY. I HAVE NEVER KNOWN THE SOFT WHISPER OF ENDEARMENT. NEVER KNOWN THE PEACE THAT LIES BETWEEN THE THIGHS OF WOMAN.
BUT I AM RESPECTED. I AM FEARED. AND THAT WILL SUFFICE.

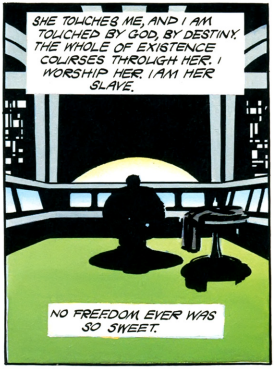
BECAUSE I LOVE. I, WHO AM NOT LOVED IN RETURN. I HAVE A LOVE THAT IS FAR DEEPER THAN THE EMPTY GASPS AND CONVULSIONS OF BRITISH COUPLING.
SHALL I SPEAK OF HER? SHALL I SPEAK OF MY BRIDE?

SHE HAS NO EYES TO FLIRT OR PROMISE, BUT SHE SEES ALL. SEES AND UNDERSTANDS WITH A WISDOM THAT IS GOD-LIKE IN ITS SCALE.
I STAND AT THE GATES OF HER INTELLECT AND I AM BLINDED BY THE LIGHT WITHIN. HOW STUPID I MUST SEEM TO HER. HOW CHILD-LIKE AND UNCOMPREHENDING.


HER SOUL IS CLEAN, UNTAINTED BY THE SNARES AND AMBIGUITIES OF EMOTION. SHE DOES NOT HATE. SHE DOES NOT YEARN. SHE IS UNTOUCHED BY JOY OR SORROW.
I WORSHIP HER. THOUGH I AM NOT WORTHY.
I CHERISH THE PURITY OF HER DISDAIN. SHE DOES NOT RESPECT ME. SHE DOES NOT FEAR ME.


SHE DOES NOT LOVE ME.

THEY THINK SHE IS HARD AND COLD, THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW HER. THEY THINK SHE IS LIFELESS AND WITHOUT PASSION.
THEY DO NOT KNOW HER. SHE HAS NOT TOUCHED THEM.

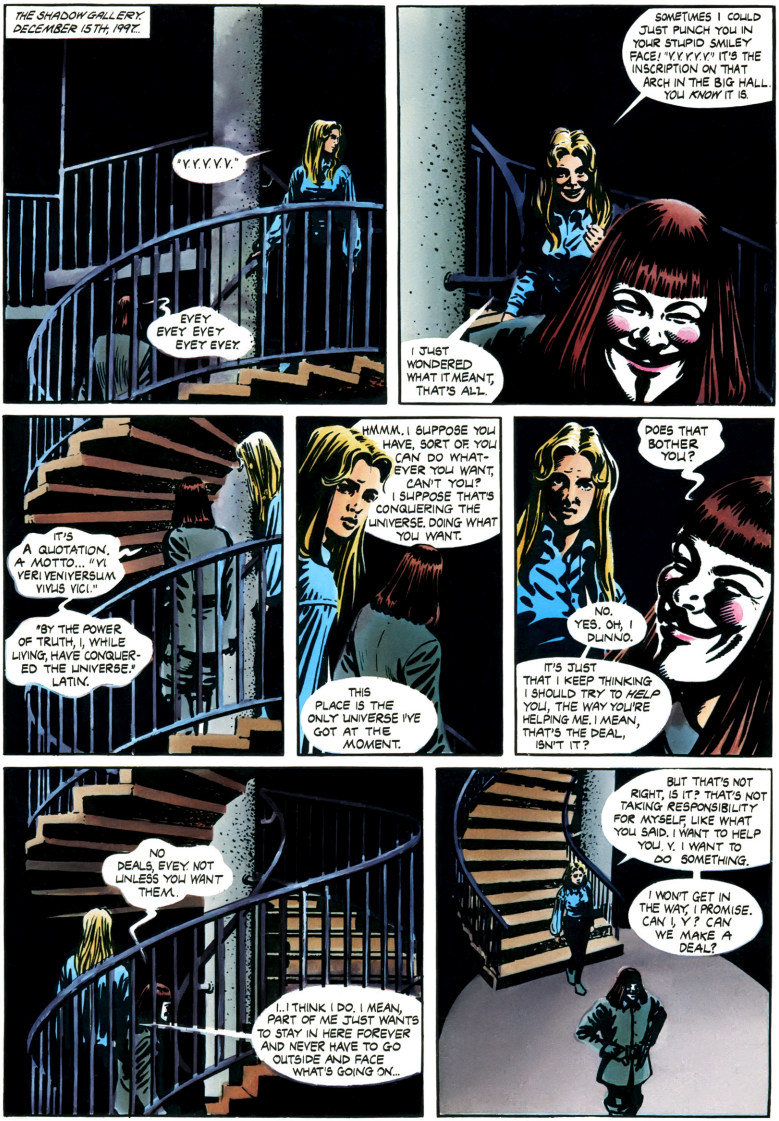

SHE TOUCHES ME, AND I AM TOUCHED BY GOD, BY DESTINY. THE WHOLE OF EXISTENCE COURSES THROUGH HER. I WORSHIP HER. I AM HER SLAVE.
NO FREEDOM EVER WAS SO SWEET.

MY LOVE, I WOULD STAY WITH YOU FOREVER, WOULD SPEND MY LIFE WITHIN YOU.
I WOULD WAIT UPON YOUR EVERY UTTERANCE AND NEVER ASK THE MEREST SPLINTER OF AFFECTION.
FATE...
FATE...
I LOVE YOU.
THE OLD BAILEY, SECOND VERSION:
HELLO, DEAR LADY.
A LOVELY EVENING, IS IT NOT?
FORGIVE ME FOR INTRUDING. PERHAPS YOU WERE INTENDING TO TAKE A STROLL. PERHAPS YOU WERE MERELY ENJOYING THE VIEW.
NO MATTER. I THOUGHT THAT IT WAS TIME WE HAD A LITTLE CHAT, YOU AND I.
AHH... I WAS FORGETTING THAT WE ARE NOT PROPERLY INTRODUCED.
I DO NOT HAVE A NAME. YOU CAN CALL ME V.
MADAM JUSTICE... THIS IS V.
V. THIS IS MADAM JUSTICE.
HELLO, MADAM JUSTICE.
"GOOD EVENING, V."

THERE. NOW WE KNOW EACH OTHER. ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN A FAN OF YOURS FOR QUITE SOME TIME. OH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...
"THE POOR BOY HAS A CRUSH ON ME... AN ADOLESCENT INFATUATION."
I BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM. IT ISN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL.
I'VE LONG ADMIRED YOU... ALBEIT ONLY FROM A DISTANCE. I USED TO STARE AT YOU FROM THE STREETS BELOW WHEN I WAS A CHILD.
I'D SAY, TO MY FATHER, "WHO IS THAT LADY?" AND HE'D SAY, "THAT'S MADAM JUSTICE." AND I'D SAY, "ISN'T SHE PRETTY."
PLEASE DON'T THINK IT WAS MERELY PHYSICAL. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT THAT SORT OF GIRL. NO, I LOVED YOU AS A PERSON, AS AN IDEAL.
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE NOW...
"WHAT? V." FOR SHAME YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME FOR SOME HARLOT, SOME VAIN AND POUTING HUSSY WITH PAINTED LIPS AND A KNOWING SMILE!"
I, MADAM? I BEG TO *DIFFER!* IT WAS YOUR INFIDELITY THAT DROVE ME TO HER ARMS!
AH-HA! THAT SURPRISED YOU, DIDN'T IT? YOU THOUGHT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR LITTLE FLING, BUT I DO. I KNOW EVERYTHING!
FRANKLY, I WASN'T SURPRISED WHEN I FOUND OUT. YOU ALWAYS *DO* HAVE AN EYE FOR A MAN IN UNIFORM.
"UNIFORM? WHY I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. IT WAS ALWAYS YOU, V. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE..."
LIAR! SLUT! WHORE! DENY THAT YOU LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY WITH YOU, HIM WITH HIS ARM-BANDS AND JACK-BOOTS!
WELL? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
I THOUGHT AS MUCH.

VERY WELL. SO YOU STAND REVEALED AT LAST. YOU ARE NO LONGER MY JUSTICE. YOU ARE HIS JUSTICE NOW. YOU HAVE BEDDED ANOTHER..
WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!
"SOB! CHOKE! WH-WHO IS SHE, V? WHAT IS HER NAME?!"
HER NAME IS ANARCHY, AND SHE HAS TAUGHT ME MORE AS A MISTRESS THAN YOU EVER DID!
SHE HAS TAUGHT ME THAT JUSTICE IS MEANINGLESS WITHOUT FREEDOM. SHE IS HONEST. SHE MAKES NO PROMISES AND BREAKS NONE. UNLIKE YOU, JEZEBEL.
I USED TO WONDER WHY YOU COULD NEVER LOOK ME IN THE EYE. NOW I KNOW.
SO GOODBYE, DEAR LADY. I WOULD BE SADDENED BY OUR PARTING EVEN NOW, SAVE THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER THE WOMAN THAT I ONCE LOVED.
HERE IS A FINAL GIFT. I LEAVE IT AT YOUR FEET.
THE FLAMES OF FREEDOM. HOW LOVELY. HOW JUST. AHH, MY PRECIOUS ANARCHY...
"O BEALITY, 'TIL NOW I NEVER KNEW THEE."

EPILOGUE: MR. PROTHERO... LEWIS... IT'S ME, MR. FINCH. I'M YOUR FRIEND, LEWIS. YOUR FRIEND.
CAN YOU HEAR ME, LEWIS?
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, LEWIS? I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE DID TO YOU...
YOU KNOW WHO I'M TALKING ABOUT, DON'T YOU, LEWIS?
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE MAN IN THE CLOAK, LEWIS.
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE SMILING MAN.
MAMA..
OH CHRIST. I THOUGHT WE'D GOT HIM AWAY FROM HIS MAMA.
ALL RIGHT, LEWIS. YOU'RE SAFE. WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS. HE CAN'T HURT YOU NOW. HE CAN'T FIND YOU HERE.
LEWIS?
OH. WHAT'S THE USE. WHATEVER THAT BEGGAR DID TO HIM, IT WAS FOR KEEPS.
COME ON, DOMINIC. WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER CRACK AT HIM AFTER A CUP OF TEA AND A HAND OF BRAG. LET'S TAKE FIVE.
FIVE...
FIVE, FIVE...
ROOM FIVE.
FIVE..


THE SHADOW GALLERY. DECEMBER 15TH, 1997.
"Y.Y.Y.Y.Y."
EVEY EVEY EVEY EVEY EVEY.
SOMETIMES I COULD JUST PUNCH YOU IN YOUR STUPID SMILEY FACE! "Y.Y.Y.Y.Y." IT'S THE INSCRIPTION ON THAT ARCH IN THE BIG HALL. YOU *KNOW* IT IS.
I JUST WONDERED WHAT IT MEANT, THAT'S ALL.
IT'S A QUOTATION. A MOTTO... "VI VERI VENIVERSUM VIVUS VICI."
"BY THE POWER OF TRUTH, I, WHILE LIVING, HAVE CONQUERED THE UNIVERSE." LATIN.
HMMM. I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE, SORT OF. YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT, CAN'T YOU? I SUPPOSE THAT'S CONQUERING THE UNIVERSE. DOING WHAT YOU WANT.
THIS PLACE IS THE ONLY UNIVERSE I'VE GOT AT THE MOMENT.
DOES THAT BOTHER YOU?
NO. YES. OH, I DUNNO.
IT'S JUST THAT I KEEP THINKING I SHOULD TRY TO HELP YOU, THE WAY YOU'RE HELPING ME. I MEAN, THAT'S THE DEAL, ISN'T IT?
NO DEALS, EVEY. NOT UNLESS YOU WANT THEM.
I..I THINK I DO. I MEAN, PART OF ME JUST WANTS TO STAY IN HERE FOREVER AND NEVER HAVE TO GO OUTSIDE AND FACE WHAT'S GOING ON...
BUT THAT'S NOT RIGHT, IS IT? THAT'S NOT TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR MYSELF LIKE WHAT YOU SAID. I WANT TO HELP YOU, Y. I WANT TO DO SOMETHING.
I WON'T GET IN THE WAY, I PROMISE. CAN I, Y? CAN WE MAKE A DEAL?

Lettering: **Jenny O'Connor**

IF YOU LIKE, I THINK I KNOW A WAY THAT YOU COULD HELP ME. VERY SOON. VERY SOON INDEED.
YES, I THINK THAT WE CAN MAKE A DEAL.

GOOD. THAT'S THAT THEN. RIGHT.
Y, YOU SAID THAT "Y.V.V.V." THING WAS A QUOTE. WHO SAID IT IN THE FIRST PLACE?
NOBODY YOU'D HAVE HEARD OF. A GERMAN GENTLEMAN NAMED DR. JOHN FAUST.

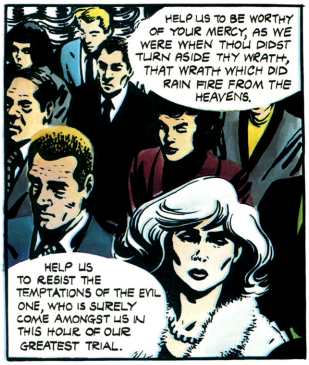
HE MADE A DEAL, TOO.

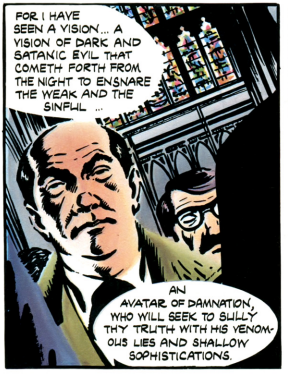
WESTMINSTER ABBEY. DECEMBER 20TH.
WHOSE GLORIOUS FEET IN IRON ARE SHOD, WHOSE HEART IS TEMPERED STEEL. HIM WHO HATH GRANTED US THIS DAY. AND AT WHOSE THRONE WE KNEEL.

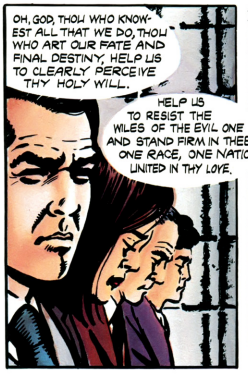
WHO SENT THE FIRE, THE SCOURGING RAIN OF THAT MOST DREADFUL NIGHT. WHO PURGED THE WICKED WITH HIS SWORD. YET GRANTED US RESATE.

ONE RACE, ONE CREED, ONE HOPE IN THEE. WHO LOVED US IN OUR PAIN, WHO LET US FALL NOT VERY FAR. THAT WE SHOULD RISE AGAIN!

LET US PRAY.
DEAR GOD, THOU WHO HAS GRANTED US REPRIEVE FROM THY FINAL JUDGMENT, THOU WHO HAS PROVIDED US WITH THAT MOST TERRIBLE WARNING...

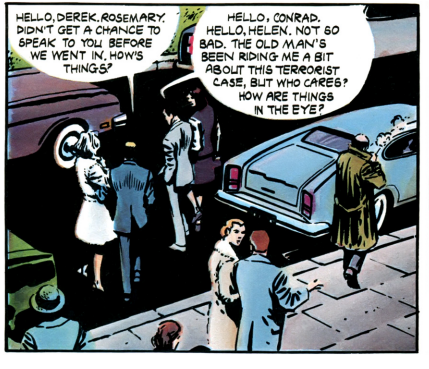

HELP US TO BE WORTHY OF YOUR MERCY, AS WE WERE WHEN THOU DIDST TURN ASIDE THY WRATH, THAT WRATH WHICH DID RAIN FIRE FROM THE HEAVENS.
HELP US TO RESIST THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE EVIL ONE, WHO IS SURELY COME AMONGST US IN THIS HOUR OF OUR GREATEST TRIAL.


FOR I HAVE SEEN A VISION... A VISION OF DARK AND SATANIC EVIL THAT COMETH FORTH FROM THE NIGHT TO ENSNARE THE WEAK AND THE SINFUL ...
AN AVATAR OF DAMNATION, WHO WILL SEEK TO SULLY THY TRUTH WITH HIS VENOMOUS LIES AND SHALLOW SOPHISTICATIONS.

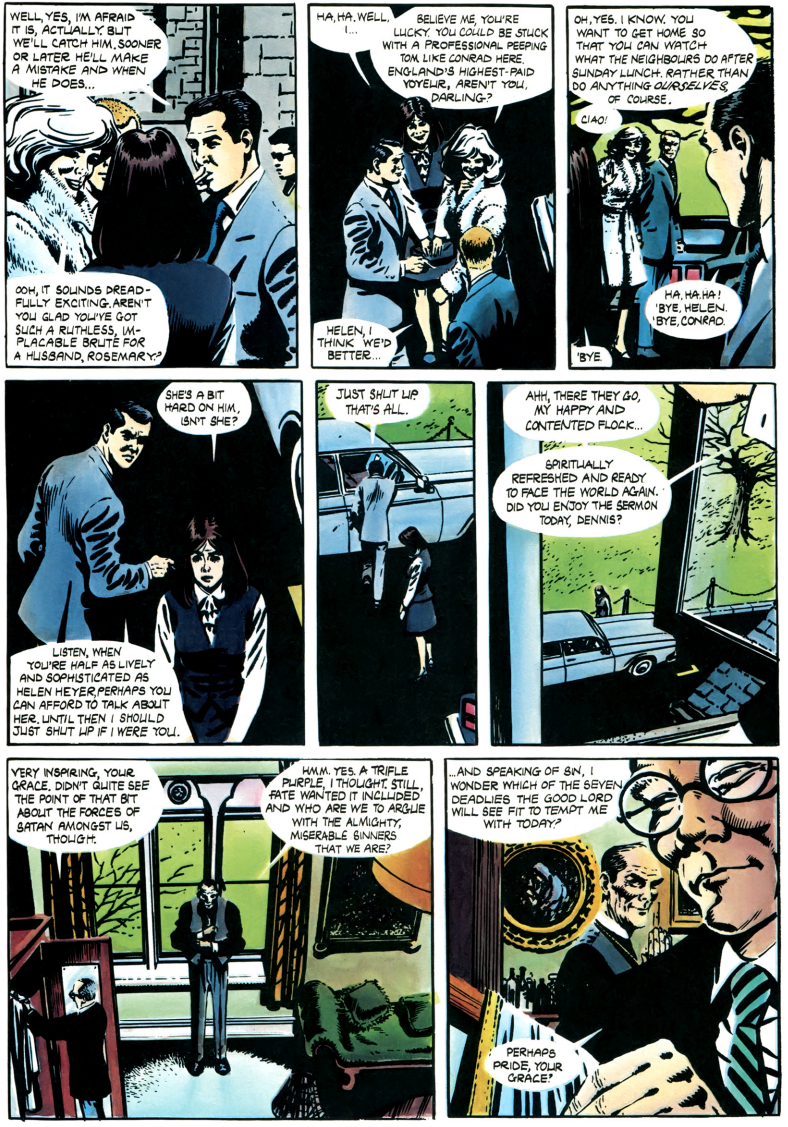

OH, GOD, THOU WHO KNOWEST ALL THAT WE DO, THOU WHO ART OUR FATE AND FINAL DESTINY, HELP US TO CLEARLY PERCEIVE THY HOLY WILL.
HELP US TO RESIST THE WILES OF THE EVIL ONE AND STAND FIRM IN THEE. ONE RACE, ONE NATION, UNITED IN THY LOVE.

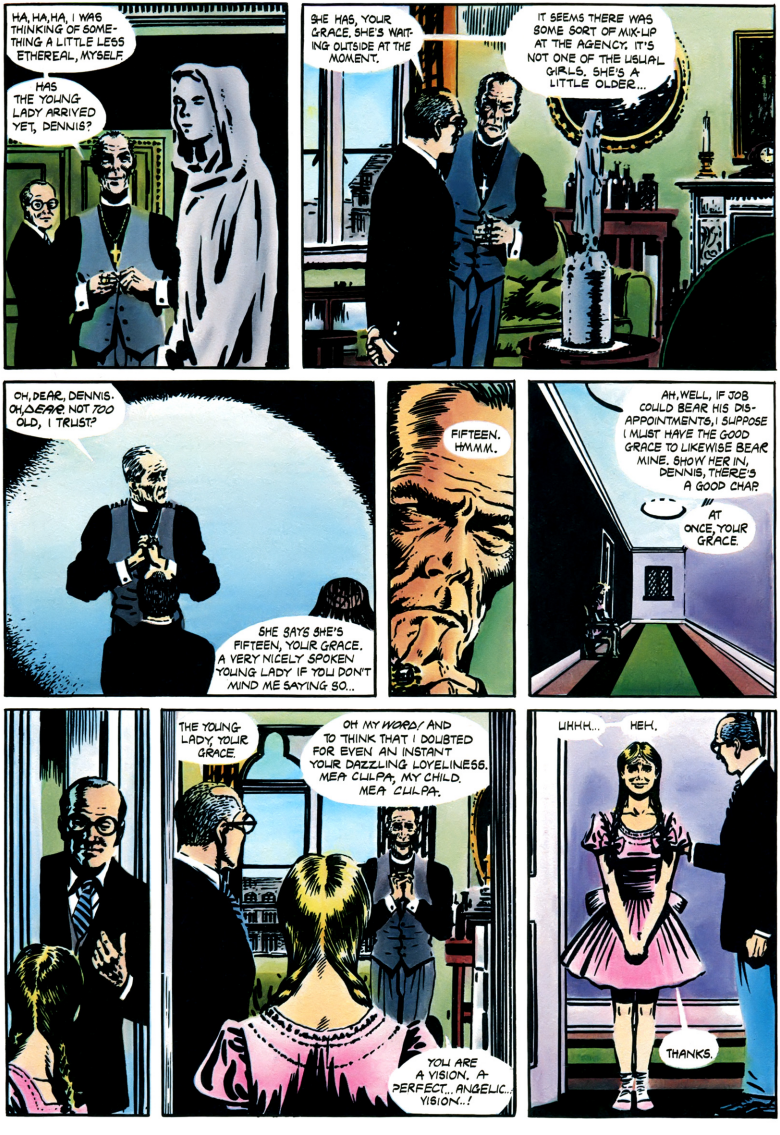
THIS WE ASK IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.
THROUGH JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD
AMEN

Chapter Six
THE VISION

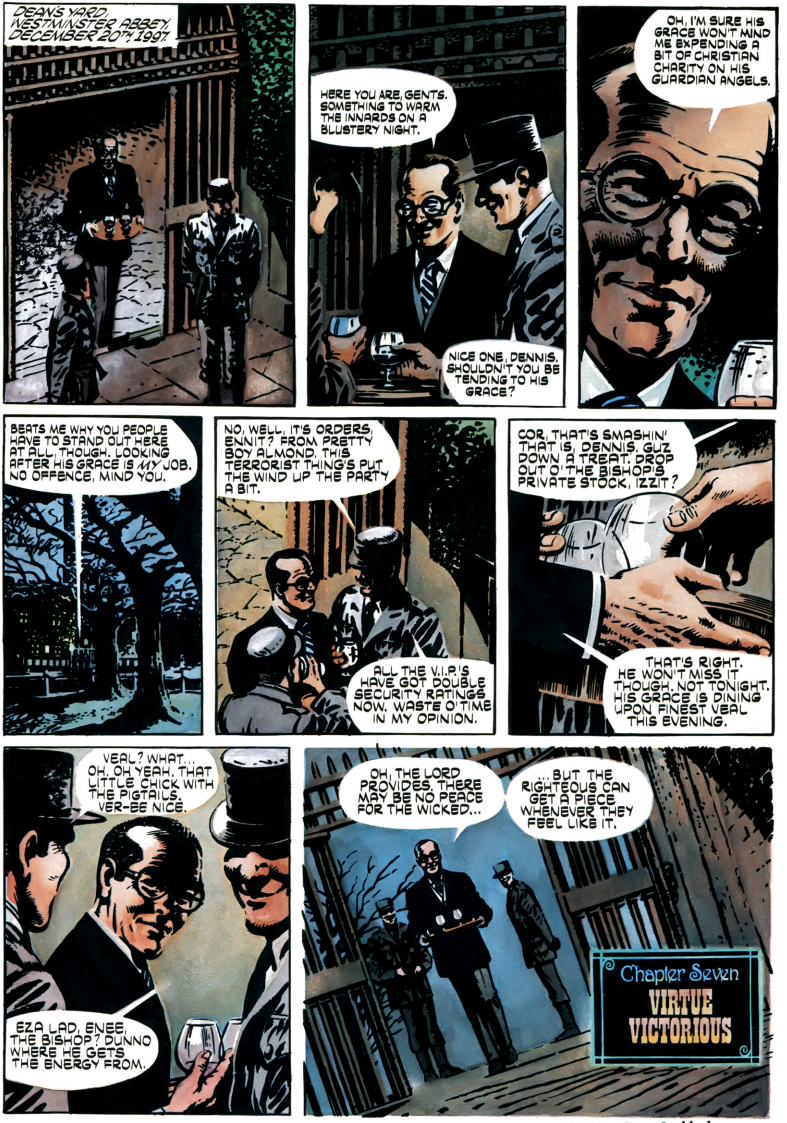

HELLO, DEREK. ROSEMARY DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO YOU BEFORE WE WENT IN. HOW'S THINGS?
HELLO, CONRAD. HELLO, HELEN. NOT SO BAD. THE OLD MAN'S BEEN RIDING ME A BIT ABOUT THIS TERRORIST CASE, BUT WHO CARES? HOW ARE THINGS IN THE EYE?

WELL, WE'VE HAD A FEW TECHNICAL PROBLEMS WITH THE MARK IX VICORDERS, BUT.
OH, CONRAD, DON'T BE SUCH A BLOODY *BORE*. TELL US ABOUT THE *TERRORIST*, DEREK. IS IT TRUE HE BLEW UP THE OLD BAILEY?

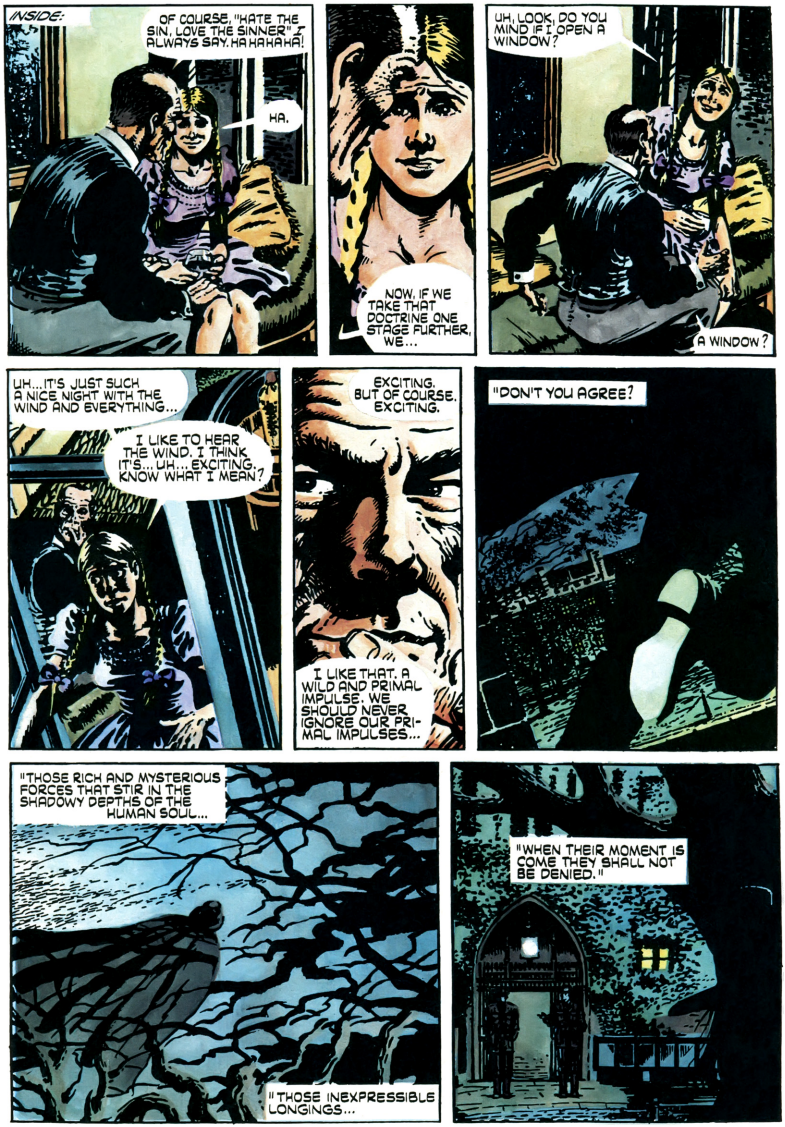

WELL, YES, I'M AFRAID IT IS, ACTUALLY, BUT WE'LL CATCH HIM, SOONER OR LATER. HE'LL MAKE A MISTAKE AND WHEN HE DOES...
OOH, IT SOUNDS DREADFULLY EXCITING. AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'VE GOT SUCH A RUTHLESS, IMPLACABLE BRUTE FOR A HUSBAND, ROSEMARY?
HA, HA. WELL, I...
BELIEVE ME, YOU'RE LUCKY. YOU COULD BE STUCK WITH A PROFESSIONAL PEEPING TOM, LIKE CONRAD HERE. ENGLAND'S HIGHEST-PAID VOYEUR, AREN'T YOU, DARLING?
HELEN, I THINK WE'D BETTER...
OH, YES. I KNOW. YOU WANT TO GET HOME SO THAT YOU CAN WATCH WHAT THE NEIGHBOURS DO AFTER SUNDAY LUNCH. RATHER THAN DO ANYTHING OURSELVES, OF COURSE.
CIAO!
HA, HA. HA! 'BYE, HELEN. 'BYE, CONRAD.
'BYE.
SHE'S A BIT HARD ON HIM, ISN'T SHE?
LISTEN, WHEN YOU'RE HALF AS LIVELY AND SOPHISTICATED AS HELEN HEYER, PERHAPS YOU CAN AFFORD TO TALK ABOUT HER. UNTIL THEN I SHOULD JUST SHUT UP IF I WERE YOU.
JUST SHUT UP THAT'S ALL..
AHH, THERE THEY GO, MY HAPPY AND CONTENTED FLOCK...
SPIRITUALLY REFRESHED AND READY TO FACE THE WORLD AGAIN. DID YOU ENJOY THE SERMON TODAY, DENNIS?
VERY INSPIRING, YOUR GRACE. DIDN'T QUITE SEE THE POINT OF THAT BIT ABOUT THE FORCES OF SATAN AMONGST US, THOUGH.
HMM. YES. A TRIFLE PURPLE, I THOUGHT. STILL, FATE WANTED IT INCLUDED AND WHO ARE WE TO ARGUE WITH THE ALMIGHTY, MISERABLE SINNERS THAT WE ARE?
...AND SPEAKING OF SIN, I WONDER WHICH OF THE SEVEN DEADLIES THE GOOD LORD WILL SEE FIT TO TEMPT ME WITH TODAY?
PERHAPS PRIDE, YOUR GRACE?


HA, HA, HA, I WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS ETHEREAL, MYSELF.
HAS THE YOUNG LADY ARRIVED YET, DENNIS?
SHE HAS, YOUR GRACE. SHE'S WAITING OUTSIDE AT THE MOMENT.
IT SEEMS THERE WAS SOME SORT OF MIX-UP AT THE AGENCY. IT'S NOT ONE OF THE USUAL GIRLS. SHE'S A LITTLE OLDER...
OH, DEAR, DENNIS. OH, DEAR. NOT TOO OLD, I TRUST?
SHE SAYS SHE'S FIFTEEN, YOUR GRACE. A VERY NICELY SPOKEN YOUNG LADY IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING SO...
FIFTEEN. HMMM.
AH, WELL, IF JOB COULD BEAR HIS DISAPPOINTMENTS, I SUPPOSE I MUST HAVE THE GOOD GRACE TO LIKEWISE BEAR MINE. SHOW HER IN, DENNIS, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP.
AT ONCE, YOUR GRACE.
THE YOUNG LADY, YOUR GRACE.
OH MY WORD! AND TO THINK THAT I DOUBTED FOR EVEN AN INSTANT YOUR DAZZLING LOVELINESS. MEA CULPA, MY CHILD. MEA CULPA.
YOU ARE A VISION. A PERFECT, ANGELIC VISION...!
UHHH...
HEH.
THANKS.

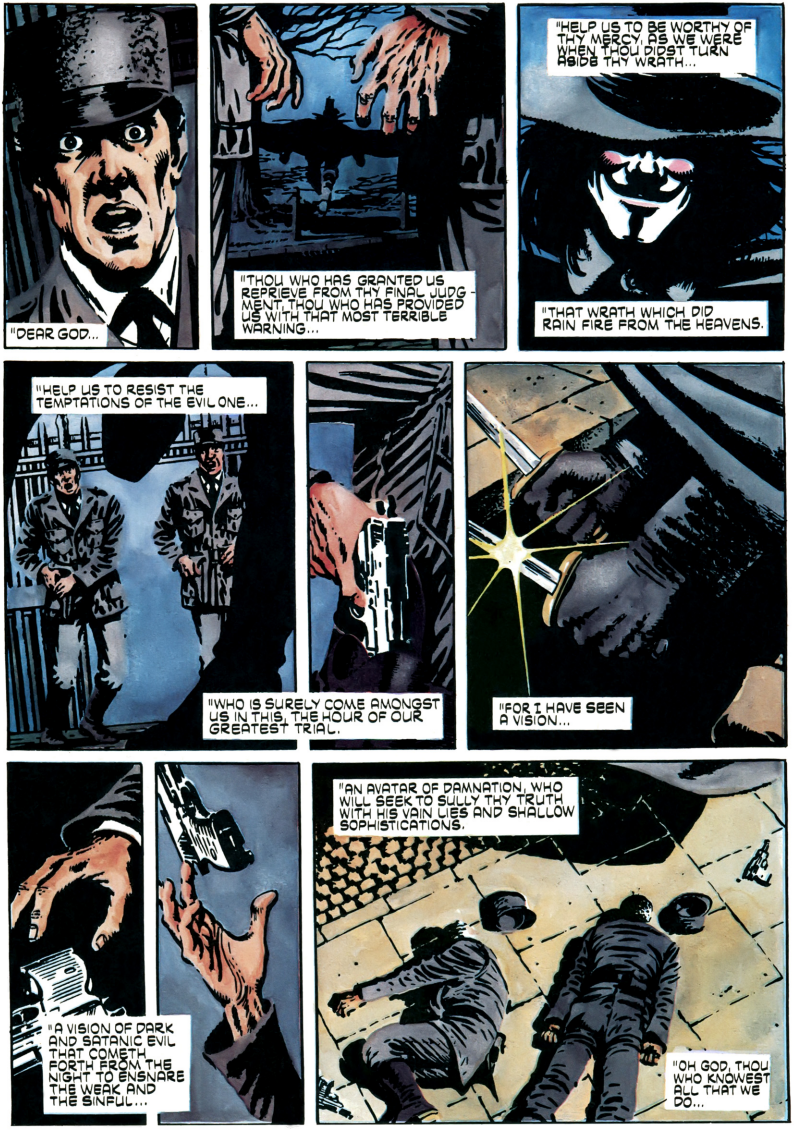
PLEASE DON'T THANK ME, MY CHILD. BELIEVE ME...
THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE.
THE SHADOW GALLERY.
"BRING ME MY BOW OF BURNING GOLD, BRING ME MY ARROWS OF DESIRE, BRING ME MY SPEAR, O CLOUDS UNFOLD, BRING ME MY CHARIOT OF FIRE...
"I WILL NOT CEASE FROM MENTAL FIGHT...
"NOR SHALL MY SWORD SLEEP IN MY HAND...
"TILL WE HAVE BUILT JERUSALEM...
"IN ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND."


DEANS YARD, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, DECEMBER 20TH, 1997.
HERE YOU ARE, GENTS. SOMETHING TO WARM THE INNARDS ON A BLUSTERY NIGHT.
NICE ONE, DENNIS. SHOULDN'T YOU BE TENDING TO HIS GRACE?
OH, I'M SURE HIS GRACE WON'T MIND ME EXPENDING A BIT OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY ON HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS.
BEATS ME WHY YOU PEOPLE HAVE TO STAND OUT HERE AT ALL, THOUGH. LOOKING AFTER HIS GRACE IS MY JOB. NO OFFENCE, MIND YOU.
NO, WELL, IT'S ORDERS, ENNIT? FROM PRETTY BOY ALMOND. THIS TERRORIST THING'S PUT THE WIND UP THE PARTY A BIT.
ALL THE V.I.P.'S HAVE GOT DOUBLE SECURITY RATINGS NOW. WASTE O' TIME IN MY OPINION.
COR, THAT'S SMASHIN' THAT IS, DENNIS. GUZ DOWN A TREAT. DROP OUT O' THE BISHOP'S PRIVATE STOCK, IZZIT?
THAT'S RIGHT. HE WON'T MISS IT THOUGH, NOT TONIGHT. HIS GRACE IS DINING UPON FINEST VEAL THIS EVENING.
VEAL? WHAT... OH, OH YEAH, THAT LITTLE CHICK WITH THE PIGTAILS. VER-BE NICE.
EZA LAD, ENEE. THE BISHOP? DUNNO WHERE HE GETS THE ENERGY FROM.
OH, THE LORD PROVIDES, THERE MAY BE NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED...
...BUT THE RIGHTEOUS CAN GET A PIECE WHENEVER THEY FEEL LIKE IT.
Chapter Seven
VIRTUE VICTORIOUS

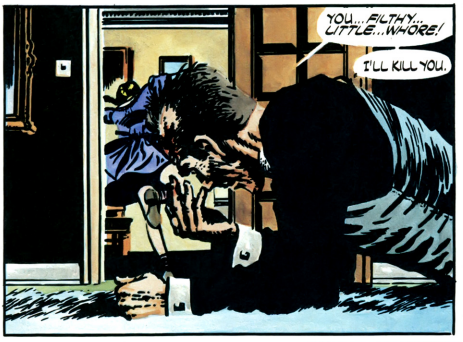
Lettering: **Steve Craddock**


INSIDE:
OF COURSE, "HATE THE SIN, LOVE THE SINNER" I ALWAYS SAY. HA HA HA HA!
HA.
NOW, IF WE TAKE THAT DOCTRINE ONE STAGE FURTHER, WE...
UH, LOOK, DO YOU MIND IF I OPEN A WINDOW?
A WINDOW?
UH... IT'S JUST SUCH A NICE NIGHT WITH THE WIND AND EVERYTHING...
I LIKE TO HEAR THE WIND. I THINK IT'S... UH... EXCITING, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
EXCITING. BUT OF COURSE, EXCITING.
I LIKE THAT. A WILD AND PRIMAL IMPULSE. WE SHOULD NEVER IGNORE OUR PRIMAL IMPULSES...
"DON'T YOU AGREE?
"THOSE RICH AND MYSTERIOUS FORCES THAT STIR IN THE SHADOWY DEPTHS OF THE HUMAN SOUL...
"THOSE INEXPRESSIBLE LONGINGS...
"WHEN THEIR MOMENT IS COME THEY SHALL NOT BE DENIED."

YOU FEEL THAT TOO, DON'T YOU?
I KNOW YOU DO.
UH, YES. YES I DO.
UH... YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY VOICE, Y'KNOW. IT'S SO SINCERE. I BET IT WOULD BE REALLY THRILLING TO HEAR YOU READ SOME-THING RELIGIOUS.
THRILLING?
WELL... HEH HEH... I DON'T USUALLY DO PRIVATE PER-FORMANCES. BUT AS YOU DO SEEM SO... RECEPTIVE...
OH YES, I AM. RECEPTIVE. EVER SO.
VERY WELL. THERE'S A PARTICULARLY GOOD PIECE THAT I READ JUST THIS MORNING.
IT'S IN THE OTHER ROOM... PERHAPS IF YOU'D STEP THIS WAY.
YEAH. LOVELY.
THE OTHER ROOM:
UH, THIS IS THE OTHER ROOM?
YES. NOT TOO... EXTRAVAGANT, I TRUST?
NO. NO, IT'S LOVELY. REALLY NICE.
GOOD. JUST SIT YOURSELF DOWN OVER THERE... SORRY ABOUT THE LACK OF CHAIRS... AND I'LL BEGIN.


"DEAR GOD...
"THOU WHO HAS GRANTED US REPRIEVE FROM THY FINAL JUDG - MENT, THOU WHO HAS PROVIDED US WITH THAT MOST TERRIBLE WARNING...
"HELP US TO BE WORTHY OF THY MERCY, AS WE WERE WHEN THOU DIDST TURN ASIDE THY WRATH...
"THAT WRATH WHICH DID RAIN FIRE FROM THE HEAVENS.
"HELP US TO RESIST THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE EVIL ONE...
"WHO IS SURELY COME AMONGST US IN THIS, THE HOUR OF OUR GREATEST TRIAL.
"FOR I HAVE SEEN A VISION...
"A VISION OF DARK AND SATANIC EVIL THAT CometH FORTH FROM THE NIGHT TO ENSNARE THE WEAK AND THE SINFUL...
"AN AVATAR OF DAMNATION, WHO WILL SEEK TO SULLY THY TRUTH WITH HIS VAIN LIES AND SHALLOW SOPHISTICATIONS.
"OH GOD, THOU WHO KNOWEST ALL THAT WE DO...

"THOU WHO ART OUR FATE AND OUR FINAL DESTINY...
"HELP US TO CLEARLY PERCEIVE THY WILL.
"HELP US TO PERCEIVE THE WILES OF THE EVIL ONE AND STAND FIRM IN THEE. ONE RACE, ONE NATION, UNITED IN THY LOVE.
"THIS WE ASK IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER...
"AND OF THE SON...
"AND OF THE HOLY GHOST."
AMEN.
TAKE YOUR DRESS OFF, PLEASE.
WHAT??
BUT, LOOK, UH, I WAS...
OH NEVER MIND. ALLOW ME TO...


YOU... FILTHY... LITTLE... WHORE!
I'LL KILL YOU.

KILL YOU.

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME IN *HERE*, YOU VICIOUS LITTLE SLAG. THE PLACE IS LOCKED UP.
I'LL FIND YOU. DO YOU *HEAR* ME? I'LL...

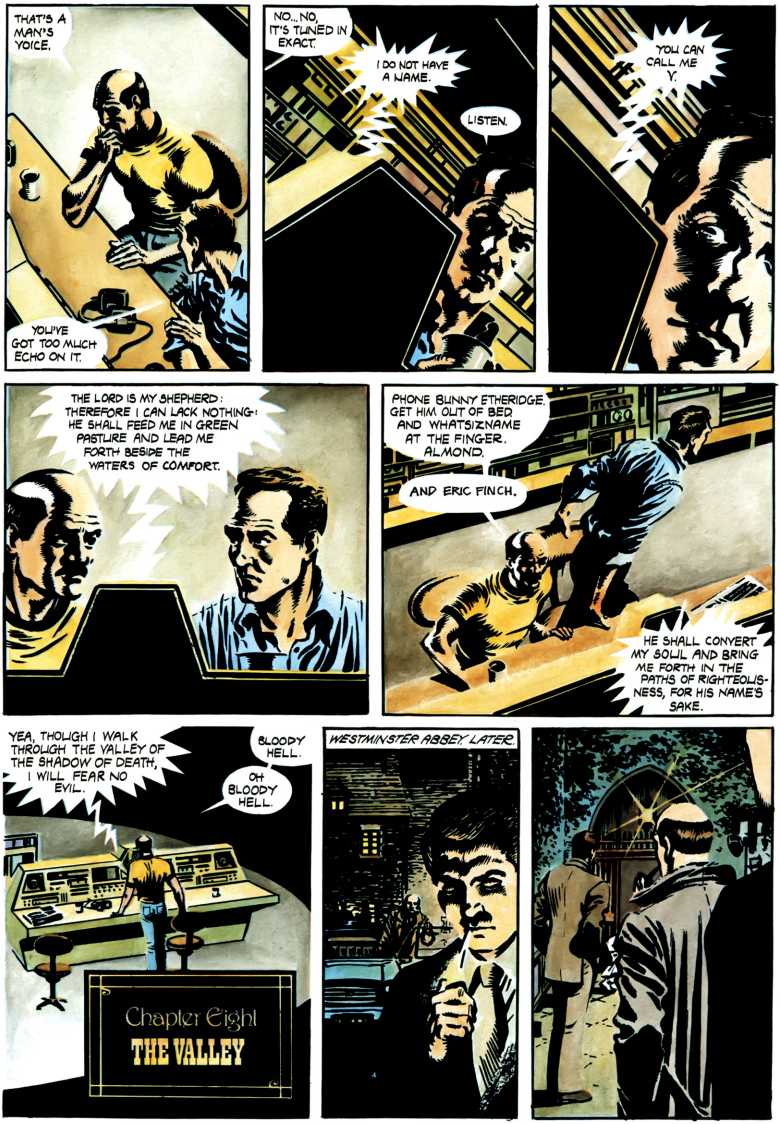
PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF...

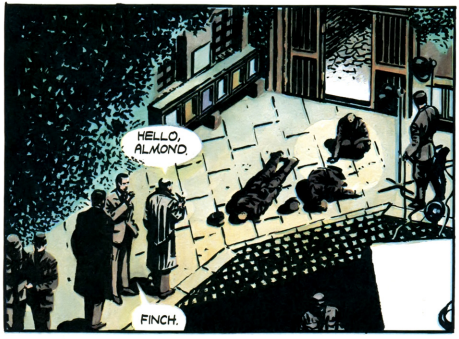
I'M A MAN OF WEALTH...

AND TASTE.

THE EAR. DECEMBER 20TH, 1997.
WELL?
WELL WHAT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WELL WHAT"?
OH, BLOODY STROLL ON...
SWITCH IT OFF, NORM, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE. IT'S DOIN' MY HEAD IN.
WHAT?
SLOW NIGHT.
SLOW? IT'S ROLLED OVER AND DIED, MATE. WHAT IS IT, EH? IS THE ART OF CONVERSATION ON THE WAY OUT OR SOMETHING?
"WHAT?" "WHAT WHAT?" GIMME A BREAK.
I MEAN, WHAT IS IT WITH PEOPLE? WHY DON'T PEOPLE HAVE IT OFF ON A SUNDAY NIGHT ANYMORE?
WELL, IN MY CASE IT'S BECAUSE I WORK NIGHT-SHIFTS WITH PILLOCKS LIKE YOU.
SHALL I TRY AND GET THE BISHOP?
OH YEAH. IT'S SUNDAY, ISN'T IT? 'CHILDREN'S HOUR.' I'D FORGOTTEN IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT.
YEAH, TUNE HER IN AND LET'S SEE WHAT THE FILTHY OLD DEVIANT'S UP TO THIS WEEK.
HANG ON...
... WAS LIKE HELL. MEN BURNING... CHOKING IN THE YELLOW FOG...
THAT'S HIS GRACE. GOT A LOT OF MUSIC ON IN THE BACKGROUND.
... AND I SAW A BLACK SHAPE AGAINST THE FLAMES, A MAN, OH GOD, WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU, REALLY?.
I AM THE DEVIL, AND I COME TO DO THE DEVIL'S WORK.

Lettering: **Jenny O'Connor**


THAT'S A MAN'S VOICE.
YOU'VE GOT TOO MUCH ECHO ON IT.
NO... NO, IT'S TUNED IN EXACT.
I DO NOT HAVE A NAME.
LISTEN.
YOU CAN CALL ME V.
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD: THEREFORE I CAN LACK NOTHING: HE SHALL FEED ME IN GREEN PASTURE AND LEAD ME FORTH BESIDE THE WATERS OF COMFORT.
PHONE BUNNY ETHERIDGE. GET HIM OUT OF BED AND WHATSIZNAME AT THE FINGER. ALMOND.
AND ERIC FINCH.
HE SHALL CONVERT MY SOUL AND BRING ME FORTH IN THE PATHS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.
YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.
BLOODY HELL.
OH BLOODY HELL.
Chapter Eight
THE VALLEY
WESTMINSTER ABBEY. LATER.


HELLO, ALMOND.
FINCH.

WHO IS IT DOMINIC?
WHO IS IT, OLIT THERE?
THE EAR. DECEMBER 21ST, 1997.
HOW'S IT GOING, BRIAN? ANY LUCK?
WELL, UH, ERIC ... WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM. BACKGROUND MUSIC.
WE CAN ELIMINATE IT FROM THE, UH, MIX IN MOST PLACES, BUT NOT EVERYWHERE. SO BITS OF THE, UH, CONVERSATION WILL BE LOST...
I THINK THAT, UH, CODENAME V MUST HAVE INTENDED THAT TO BE THE CASE...

THAT'S BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH...
DA DA DA DUM!
HEH HEH. THAT'S MORSE CODE, Y'KNOW.

UH, MORSE CODE?
HMM. IT'S MORSE CODE FOR THE LETTER 'V'.

HEH.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. THAT AFTERNOON.
SO HE SURPRISED THE BISHOP ABOUT HERE... THE BISHOP CAME THROUGH THE DOOR AND RAN SMACK INTO HIM.

WE DON'T HEAR THE GIRL WHO THE BISHOP WAS WITH AFTER THAT POINT SO I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME SHE WAS AN ACCOMPLICE AND SHE SCARPERED...
LITTLE GIRLS. HONESTLY, THAT'S... WE FOUND THESE MAGAZINES...

YEAH. JUST LET ME THINK A MINUTE, DOMINIC... NOW BEFORE THE GIRL VANISHED SHE MUST HAVE REMOVED ONE OF THE LIGHT FUSES, PLUNGING THE APARTMENT INTO DARKNESS.
WE KNOW THAT BECAUSE THE CLOCK-RADIO WAS ON THE SAME CIRCUIT AND IT STOPPED AT THIRTEEN MINUTES PAST FIVE.

HE PUSHES THE BISHOP THROUGH INTO THIS ROOM.
THEN HE PUTS A RECORD ON.
THE STEREO IS ON A DIFFERENT CIRCUIT TO THE LIGHTS.

IT'S DARK. HE PUTS THE RECORD ON IN THE DARK.
DICTAPE
AND THEN HE SAYS SOMETHING TO THE BISHOP... SOMETHING WE CAN'T HEAR BECAUSE OF THE MUSIC.

NEXT TIME WE HEAR THE BISHOP, IT'S THIS BIT:
"...FIVE. OF COURSE. IT WAS YOU ON THAT NIGHT. MY GOD, I STILL DREAM ABOUT IT. I HAVEN'T STOPPED DREAMING ABOUT IT IN FOUR YEARS.

"IT WAS LIKE HELL. MEN BURNING... CHOKING IN THE YELLOW FOG; AND A BLACK SHAPE AGAINST THE FLAMES. A MAN.
"OH GOD, WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU REALLY?"

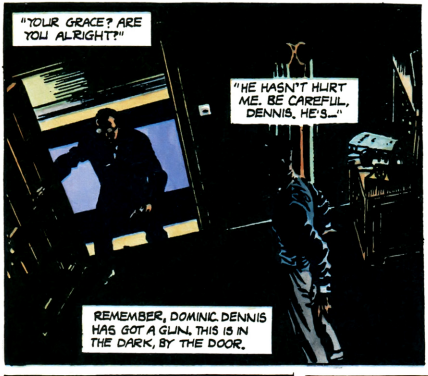
"I AM THE DEVIL, AND I COME TO DO THE DEVIL'S WORK.
"I DO NOT HAVE A NAME. YOU CAN C-"

THAT'S A QUOTE. THAT BIT ABOUT THE DEVIL'S WORK.
DICTAPE

FAMOUS MURDER CASE. NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO NOW. BEFORE YOUR TIME, I EXPECT.

THEN CODENAME V READS OUT THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.
I'LL FAST FORWARD UNTIL WE GET TO THAT BIT WHERE...
RIGHT, SHOULD BE ABOUT THERE.

... OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.
ALRIGHT, CHUMMY. ALRIGHT. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE...
THIS IS THE BIT WHERE THE VALET, DENNIS, COMES IN. LISTEN. THE STEREO SUDDENLY SHUTS OFF.

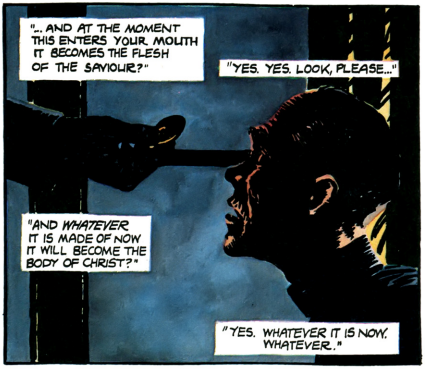

"YOUR GRACE? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?"
"HE HASN'T HURT ME. BE CAREFUL, DENNIS, HE'S..."
REMEMBER, DOMINIC. DENNIS HAS GOT A GUN. THIS IS IN THE DARK, BY THE DOOR.

"ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT. I'M GOING TO COUNT TO FIVE. I WANT YOU TO STEP OVER BY THE WINDOW WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD.
"ONE... TWO..."

HE NEVER GOT PAST TWO.
ALL IN DEAD SILENCE: IN THE DARK.

AND THEN THE MUSIC COMES BACK ON. WE DON'T HEAR ANY MORE FROM DENNIS.
THEY'RE TALKING ON THIS BIT, BUT THE MUSIC NEAR ENOUGH WIPES IT OUT. TALKING ABOUT RELIGION.

THERE'S SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE "KILL ME SENTIMENT"... JUST GIBBERISH... AND THEN THEY TALK ABOUT COMMUNION AND THE COMMUNION WAFER...
THERE'S THE WORD "TRANSUBSTANTIATION": THAT'S THE MIRACLE OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION WHEN THE WAFER TRANSFORMS INTO THE BODY OF CHRIST. CATHOLIC CONCEPT ORIGINALLY.
THERE. NOW LISTEN TO THIS...


"... AND AT THE MOMENT THIS ENTERS YOUR MOUTH IT BECOMES THE FLESH OF THE SAVIOUR?"
"YES. YES. LOOK, PLEASE..."
"AND *WHATEVER* IT IS MADE OF NOW IT WILL BECOME THE BODY OF CHRIST?"
"YES. WHATEVER IT IS NOW. WHATEVER."

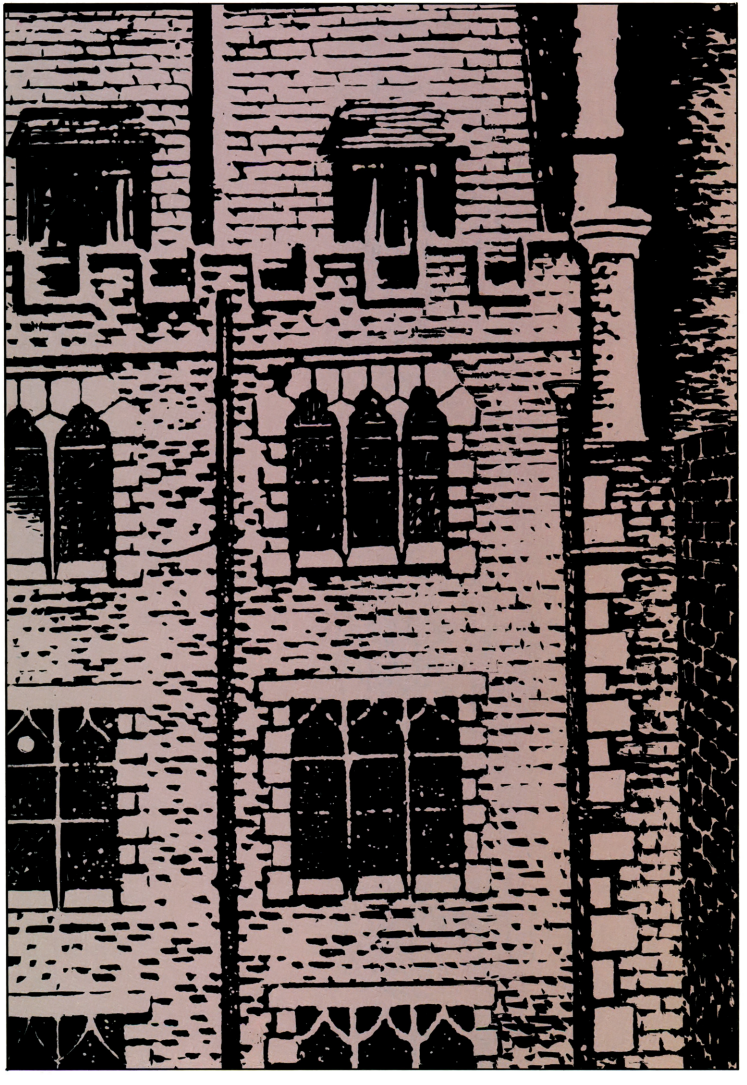
I WANT YOU TO SWALLOW IT.

AND THEN THERE'S A FUNNY LITTLE NOISE. HUMAN NOISE.
AND THEN THERE'S JUST BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH.
END OF TAPE.

WE'VE JUST HAD THE PATH REPORTS THROUGH. THE BISHOP WAS POISONED. THE HOST WAS FULL OF CYANIDE.

AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT?

WHEN IT REACHED HIS ABDOMEN IT WAS STILL CYANIDE.



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15th Century woodcut from 'Chronicles of England'

THE PROLETARIAT

REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.